READING FOR SUNDAY.

## DR. STUDHOLME'S DREAM

Thank heaven, it is over at last, and all that I have to be thankful for is that the worst has not happened. How it has all come about is still but a confused tangle in my own mind. Only one thing stands out clearly before me, and that is the wretched dream which has been, in some mysterious way, the cause of all that has followed. Yes, it is as clear to my mind to-day as it was a year ago, when I dreamed it.

I can see the bedroom, furnished with every comfort and luxury. The fire burns brightly in the fireplace, and two figuresa man and a woman-move about the room. They seem by their gestures to be holding an animated discussion. Yet I hear no voice, no spoken word. They are evidently unconscious of my presence, and I feel an intense longing to let them know I am there, and to mediate between them, for I can see clearly that they are engaged in a quarrel. The man stands gazing into the fire, his hands thrust into his pockets, and a horrible, nervous twitching about his month and brow, which is rendered more disagreeable by the flicker of the firelight. The woman stands at her pier-glass, and I

see the reflection of her face therein, lit up by the wax toilet candles. It is a beautiful face, and is rendered more beautiful by the emotion which heaves the bosom of its owner and suffuses her cheeks with the life-blood coursing through her veins. Rich masses of raven black bair fall around her shoulders, and form a striking contrast with their alabaster

The man is tail and rather fair. His forehead is high and broad, and his whole face of an intellectual and refined cast. His hair and beard are curly and of an auburn

Both man and woman are in evening dress. As I stand gazing first at one and then at the other, the two faces seem to burn their images into my soul.

Presently the man turns toward the woman, with a look of tierce anger on his face, and, with outstretched hands, evidently addresses some words to her. A look of unutspeakable horror, he grasps her lovely throat in his powerful hand, and I can see that he is choking her! I strive with | all my strength to speak or move to her assistance, but am paralyzed. At last, with a fearful effort, I utter a piercing scream, and wake-oh, with what thankfulness-to find it is but a dream.

Yes, only a dream, but differing from all dreams I ever dreamed before in this one respect, that every detail of it-the bedroom, the furniture, the faces of the actorsare as clear as if I had seen them with my bodily eyes but yesternight.

Long did that dream baunt me, and I had

to summon all my philosophy in order to shake myself free from its morbid influence sufficiently to devote my whole mind to my patients. But the two faces remained clear to my

mental vision, and I often speculated upon the chance of my ever seeing their proto-types in the flesh. What I am now going to write is a simple

record of facts. I have no intention of pretending to explain them. I can see plainly enough how certain links of the chain are connected, but there is one wide gap which A year had gone by since my dream, and was attending a conversazione at Guy's

ing of the new wing. There was a good display of interesting ects, and especially of microscopes, exnibited by one of the principal makers. I had been for some moments peering into one of these, when a gentleman standing at the next instrument said, evidently address-

Hospital, given to commemorate the open-

ing myself: "Here is a remarkably good specimen of the ameba, if you are interested in these

examples of primitive life."

I raised my head from the microscope I was examining and turned toward the speaker. No sooner had my eyes rested upon his face than I became aware that it was the face of the man in my dream. Yes, in every detail the same! I was so staggered by this discovery that I stood rudely staring in his face, until he said, politely: "I beg your pardon. I have disturbed you in your examination of something which, perhaps, was more interesting to you than this little chap under my glass." I stammered out some excuse for my rudeness, bent over his microscope, and duly praised the specimen. This led to a conversation, which soon proved that we were both interested in miscroscopy, and as we were both alone at the conversazione we wandered through the wards together

and talked "pollywogs" the whole evening. He was a man of considerable culture—a barrister, he told me, but fond of science, particularly of microscopic studies. I happened to have some rather good specimens of my own, and as every microscopist is 'hail-fellow-well-met" with every other, I asked him to visit me and see my collection. He came, and I returned the visit, which led to a friendship between us and frequent visits to each other's houses.

One evening my new acquaintance, whom aid he wished to take me to the house of a slides. I readily consented, and we were soon on our way.

Hennell was very communicative as we walked along, and allowed his talk to take a somewhat personal turn, which was unusual with him, as he rarely indulged in anything bordering on egotism. He told me that his visits to Dr. Warren's had an interest in them beyond that of "pollywogs," as we called our animalcule, which, in short, was nothing less than love for the physician's daughter, of whom he spoke in the warmest terms of admiration.

"My dear Studholme, she is simply perfection in mind and person, as you will readily admit," said he. I replied that I was quite prepared to see

a female paragon, as I knew that he was a man who would not be easily satisfied with We arrived at Dr. Warren's, and by his desire were shown into his study, where we found him already busy selecting some of his choicest specimens for our edification,

and we were soon all three deep in the ex-amination of slides and living specimens from the large glass bowl in which the Doctor kept his live stock. An hour or so passed away, and we were so intent upon our studies that I had not

observed the entrance of a fourth person until I heard a soft, quiet voice say: "Good evening, Mr. Hennell; and, if you are not too deep in the mysteries of rotifera

and other dreadful creatures, pray introduce me to your friend. Hennell rose quickly from his microscope with heightened color and extended hand. "Good evening, Miss Warren; allow me to

introduce to you Dr. Studholme. Great heavens! what strange fatality was pursuing me? Standing before me, sure as death, was the woman of my dream! I felt that my heart was standing still, and that the blood had left my lips. I could see my own condition reflected in the embarrassment of the young lady before me, and I made a desperate effort to control myself and go through the formalities of an intro-duction. The task was rendered more difficult by the knowledge on my part that Hennell's keen eyes were fixed upon both of us and were taking in all that was passing. However, good breeding of course, prevented his making any remark at the ime upon what must have appeared Warren speedily recovered her composure and invited us to come and take some re-

"My father and I usually dine early, in order that he may have a long evening with his microscope, and so we generally have a light supper," she explained.

I found myself seated opposite Miss War-ren at table, and felt the strange fascination of her face-a fascination which owed its power in my case less to her beauty, which was undoubtedly remarkable, than to the insistence of my brain in tracing the likeness between the woman of my dream and the living and breathing woman before

I glanced from time to time at Hennell, and more than once caught his scrutiniz- had had a long ride with Hennell during ing gaze fixed upon me ere he had time to the afternoon, as a special holiday, and drop his evelids, and this increased my em- was physically tired, so that nature, aided barrassment, so that I must have shone but by the warmth and comfort of the room, poorly in the conversation which enlivened asserted her rights, and I fell asleen. How the supper-table, and in which Miss War-ren took part in a manner which fully justified all that Hennell had said of her

mental powers. Supper over, we retired to the Doctor's whisky, and then bade our host adieu.

On our way home Hennell rallied me about my strange behavior on my introduction to Miss Warren, hinting half jocularly | rush to the landing. and half tentatively that that was not our

I tried to enter into his jocular mood, but could not. My mind would revert to the dream and its already partial fulfilment, and I asked myself a hundred times whether

ought not to tell Hennell what was passing in my thoughts. Meantime my distracted manner gradually told upon him also, and he became silent as we paced along together. On reaching his chambers I put out my hand and said: "Good night." Good night, Studholme! but I am afraid it is either 'love at first sight' with you-in which case it is awkward for me-or else Miss Warren has mesmerized you and for-

gotten to wake you up again." I tried to laugh off the impeachment, but there was no genuine hilarity in my laugh. and Hennell saw that there was none. However, he took no further notice of my mood, and I left him and sought my own house. I am a bachelor, and getting well on toward the forties—an age when a man ought to have some judgment if he is ever to have any; yet when I sat that night by the fire in my study, and puffed hard at that aid to reflection, my pipe, I could not for the life of me determine on my course of action with regard to my friend and his sweetheart.

I got down Abererombie and read his chapter on "Dreams," and the strange coincidences which sometimes may be traced between the dream and subsequent events -coincidences which in many gases can be explained by antecedent events, and which in other cases only exist between some of the circumstances of the dream and the

Still my mind came back to the question. How was it that I should see those two faces so clearly in my dream-faces which, to my knowledge, I had never seen before in this world! And even if I had seen them in the great human tide that surges around us, I must have seen them at separate times. Why, then, should they associate them-selves in that horrible fashion in my dream? And why should I afterward find their possessors already linked by the bond of love, and drawing near to the state which would make the fulfillment of my dream at least a possibility? A possibility? Nay, a certainty, whispered some strange voice within me.

Good heavens! What should I do? If I spoke to Miss Warren of the matter I might awaken in her mind fear and distrust which would have no more solid foundation than a foolish dream and a strange coterable scorn comes over her face as she incidence. If I were silent, and by another me) he rose from his seat and knelt by her replies, and the next moment, to my un- "strange coincidence" the dream should be bedside, declaring he would never rise realized to its horrible end, I should stand, in my own eyes, as an accessory before the

I could see nothing clearly, and like most men of a contemplative rather than an active cast of mind, I resolved to let matters drift and trust to events to decide my final course of action.

Meantime my acquaintance with the Warrens progressed, owing to the persistent invitations of the Doctor to spend time with him in his study over the microscope. I saw the approaching fulfillment of Hennell's engagement with Miss Warren, and watched carefully the indications of the man's character. He seemed to me to have a generous nature and a well-balanced

I managed once or twice to get him to talk about himself, and gave him my opinion of his character and temperament, finnand, instances of which I had seen on more than one occassion in our rambles together. "My dear fellow," replied he, "you have now touched a very weak spot in my nature. 'In the days of my youth,' as Father William remarks, I was notorious for the violence of my temper, which used to seize me like a whirlwind and whisk me away I scarcely knew whither. Nothing but a certain development of the rational faculty and devotion to patient work at my microscope has enabled me to gain enough self-control to be tolerably certain of myself under at least ordinary provocation. Whether I should still stand firm under extraordinary provocation,

heaven only knows!" This conversation disturbed me greatly. The man was, without doubt, too generous and lofty of mind to commit a deliberate wrong, but, by his own admission, he had a passionate nature which, like a vicious horse, might at any moment bolt with his rider and bring disaster either upon himself or another. What other? Might it not be on the woman of my dream-the woman of his choice, which was one and

the same in my mind. Again I debated in my mind whether I should warn this girl and tell her my dream, and again I shrank from meddling with other people's affairs; and lo! while I hesitated, fate sealed the match, and I was called upon to act as "best man" to my

family," and I was a constant visitor at their house at Barnes. It was about six months after their marriage that an event occurred which awoke within me once more the horror of my

This constituted me "the friend of the

I had dined with Hennell and his wife, and he and I had strolled into the garden "Come and have a look at the stables, old fellow," said Hennell, leading the way in

that direction. As we approached the building we could see a light burning in one of the stables, and could hear a hubbub, as if one of the horses were careering about the stable. I will call Hennell, called upon me and | Hennell and I ran to the window, through which we could see a groom striking one friend, a certain West-end physician, who, | the horses viciously about the legs with the he said, had a magnificent collection of | handle of a stable fork. The mare (which it appears was Hennell's favorite back) seemed almost mad with fear and excite-

> I turned to Hennell, and the sight of his face appalled me, so full of evil passion was it. Without a word, he rushed to the stable door, threw it open, and, seizing a heavy hunting crop with his right hand and the groom's throat with his left, he rained on his body a shower of blows which cur-dled my blood to see. At last I sprang for-ward and seized the whip from behind him as he raised it for further blows, and, being myself tolerably athletic, I managed to re-lax his grasp of the groom, who fell all of a

> heap in the corner. Hennell's eyes turned to mine, and the fire in them faded into a haunted look. He shook like a leaf as he stammered forth broken apologies for his violence. "She is my favorite mare, Studholme, gen-

> tle as a child, and the brute struck her with that thing while she could neither retaliate nor fiv! "All right, old fellow, I dare say he deserved what he has got," I replied, "but do you go into the house and leave him to

'No; I am a greater fool than he! I have given way to passion such as no doubt influenced him, and I have less excuse-God help me!" and he turned and left the stables, with his hands covering his face. I helped the groom to rise, and saw him safely into the servants' quarters, where he would no doubt be attended to by his fellows; and I then sought Hennell in the drawing-room. He was not there; but Mrs. Hennell sat there, some embroidery in her hands, and a placid smile on her face.

"Well, you have finished your cigars; but where is Frank?" Again that dream forced itself before me I pictured to myself Hennell grasping the groom's throat, while ten thousand devils looked out from his eyes, and I thought, "Had it been her throat and no one near to

save her!" Why should I not warn her as to her husband's temper, and either tell her my dream or at least beseech her to guard against arousing his passion?

I trembled with excitement, but I strove to be calm, and, taking her hand in mine, had just begun my task of telling ber of what had passed in the stables when the door opened and Hennell entered. I was in so nervous a state that I have no doubt I looked altogether confused, and Mrs. Hennell herself was agitated by my manner and my opening words, begging

her to listen calmly to what I was about to Hennell looked keenly at both of us, but said no word, and, after a little forced conversation between myself and Mrs. Hennell, I begged to be excused, and retired to my room, as I was staying with them for the night.

I retired to my room, but not to rest. was too excited to think of sleep, so I drew an easy chair in front of the fire which burned briskly in the grate, and sat down der over the events of the day. I long I sleept I do not know, but long enough to dream again the dream of a year ago, and once more I suffered the agony of seeing the man seize the woman by the throat, but this time he suddenly cast her from him. and she fell heavily upon the floor. I heard the sound of her fall, and sprang up, wide awake, and an irresistible

impulse moved me to seize the lamp and There I was met face to face by Hennell,

first meeting, and that I was probably an and, merciful heaven! what a face was old admirer of the lady. "For God's sake, come with me, Studholde

-my wife is dying or dead!" were his words, as he led me into his bedroom. There, on the floor, in front of her toilet-table, lay his wife in her dressing-gown, which was open at the breast, and her raven tresses fell in all their glory over her

I knelt beside her and laid my hand on ber heart. Thank heaven, it still beat, though her face and lips were ashy pale. As I bent low to see if she breathed. I saw by the light of the toilet candles three distinct finger marks upon her snow-white throat. It was all true, then-he had tried to strangle

Hennell himself stood in front of the fire in a dazed condition, twining his fingers together like a puzzled child. In a harsh voice I bade him get some brandy, and meantime bathed his wife's forehead with cold water. She was evidently stunned by the fall, and must have struck her head against some pieces of furniture in falling. There were no real signs of asphyxia, thank Heaven! and I knew she would speedily recover consciousness; so, having administered to her a little of the brandy which Hennell brought, and witnessed the first deep breath which harbingered returning consciousness, I slipped out of the room, whispering to Hennell to come to me for forther instructions later on. He came to my room half an honr after, and in reply to my inquiry as to how fared his wife, he said in a lew, broken voice:
"Better, better than I deserve—God help

me!" and, sinking into a chair, gave way to such violent weeping that, in spite of the hardness at my heart just then, I fairly pitied the man. I spoke sharply to him, as he was hyterical, and bade him pull himself together and act the man, but he replied, in despair: "I am no longer a man. I have laid hands upon a woman, and she the noblest and truest woman that ever stepped on God's

earth!" He would have told me all, there

and then, but I would not listen, and bade

him return to his wife and watch her with care until she slept. Poor devil! he did watch, as I afterward learned from his wife; for when she was awakened by the sun streaming through the window-blinds, be was still sitting before the empty fire-place, his face buried in his hands and his elbows resting on his knees. At her first movement (so she told again until he had received pardon, and offering there and then to go away, if she so desired, forever, leaving her house and grounds and half his fortune. I need scarcely eay that he was forgiven, and did not go away, and that in truth this strange and violent scene, and the bitter repentance which followed on Hennell's part, only

bound husband and wife in closer ties. I heard the whole story afterward from Hennell's own lips-how that the row with the groom had thrown him entirely off his balance and let loose the demon of passion which had long been chained up. One devil loosehad brought in another for company, viz., jealousy, and he had charged his wife with dishonorable relations with myself. The scorn with which she treated the charge, being too prond even to rebut it, had maddened him, and he had actually seized her by the throat, when she stepped backward, and, her foot catching in her dressing gown, she fell, and was

stunned by the fall. Thus had my dream been realized, realized partly by its own baleful influence upon myself and others; but there still remains the mystery—why did I see those two faces in my dream? Why were they associated together in the dream, as they were afterwards in reality! I confess it has shaken my skepticism as regards the things "not dreamed of in our philosophy."

It is all explained at last, and I can still dispense with the aid of the supernatural. Last night we were gathered together round riennell's fireside—a motley group of authors, artists and scientists, such as Mrs. Hennell loved to bring together. The conversation turned on art in general

and pictures in particular. "Did you see Van Hagen's weird exhibition last year?" asks young Lawrence, the artist. "There was one ghastly picture of a man strangling a woman in a bedroom." My thoughts at once rushed to Hennell and his wife, and I trembled for the result of the speech; but both husband and wife were calm as a summer's night—they had

buried the past forever. "The only thing in the picture which pleased me," continued the speaker, "was the painting of the furniture and surroundings in the room, and the reflection of the woman in a large cheval glass. Hello! old fellow, got 'em again!" suddenly exclaimed the irreverent young fellow, addressing myself, and at that moment I caught sight of myself in the mirror of a sideboard; I was as a man who had seen a ghost.

"Go on," I cried; "describe the picture in detail." Lawrence did so, and the whole company listened with heightened interest to his description.

Then I turned to Hennell and asked: "Did you visit that exhibition?" "Certainly, and Edith with me; it was shortly after our engagement."

"And did you see that picture?" "We did, undoubtedly, for I had to drag Edith away from it at last. She seemed fascinated by it."

"What was about the date of your visit to the exhibition?" "Well, I happen to know the date exactly, as it was the date of our annual dinner at the -- Club. June 27, 18-." "Then I have solved the mystery!"

cried, with great excitement. "Highly interesting," quoth Griggs, the theosophist, "especially if we happen to know what the mystery is!" Thereupon I had to relate the story, the details of which are known to the reader,

omitting, of course, the strange sequel. "Very extraordinary!" exclaims Griggs. now serious and on the scent of what he supposed a fresh exhibition of things behind the veil, "and no doubt explicable by occult science."

"There is a much easier explanation than that, my friend," I replied. "I was at that exhibition, and stood before that picture long enough to get its details impressed upon my brain. As I turned away, Hennell and his lady-love, now our honored and beloved hostess, (with a bow to Mrs. Hennell), also stood in front of that picture, and, although then unknown to me, their striking and handsome countenances (with another bow to host and hostess) made another, though unconscious, impression on

"On your heart, old man," chimed in the incorrigible Griggs. "I left the exhibition, and on reaching home was called at once to see one of my wealthy patients. I ought to say my one wealthy patient, for such he was at that time. It was a bad case, and I had to sit up with him all night, and for several days I was in constant attendance upon my pa-

tient, and scarcely had a night's rest. "Then I got a whole night's rest, and near morning dreamed my dream; but, owing to the vagaries which the mind plays in dreams, while retaining intact the vision of the room in the picture I caused the man and wife in the picture to change faces with the lady and gentleman who were looking upon it at the same time as my-

"Then Hennell did not murder you, after all, Mrs. Hennell?" cried Lawrence. "No, by the grace of God!" replied Hennell, with a solemnity only understood by two persons present-his wife and myself. -The Cornhill Magazine.

> Woman and man, east out From the garden of the Lord .-Before them, danger and doubt, Behind them, the flaming sword,-Gaze in each other's eyes:

Lo! what outweighs the ban!-"We have love," the woman cries,
"We have love," the word of the man. -Solomon Solis-Cohen, in September Lippincott. In the Employ of the City.

Sometimes men who have been in the employ of the city are extremely loath to state in what particular department they have been employed. When the man Gallagher was being examined by Coroner Smart on a charge of murder, the following conversation took place between the coroner and the witness: Coroner-Where did you work last? Witness-I was employed by the city. "In what department?"

"I worked on the streets."
"What did you leave for?" "I was discharged. "What were you discharged for?" "My time was up. I was in the chain

question the witness on another line.

And the coroner proceeded to

Christus Consolator.

Beside the dead I knelt for prayer, And felt a presence as I prayed, Lo! it was Jesus standing there.

He smiled: "Be not afraid "Lord, thou hast conquered death, we know; Restore again to life," I said, This one who died an hour ago. He smiled: "She is not dead!"

"Asleep, then, as thyself didst say. Yet Thou canst lift the lids that keep Her prisoned eyes from ours away!" He smiled: "She doth not sleep!"

"Nay, then, tho' haply she dowake, And look upon some fairer dawn, Restore her to our hearts that ache!" He smiled: "She is not gone!" "Alas! too well we know our loss, Nor hope again our joy to touch Until the stream of death we cross."

He smiled: "There is no such!" "Yet our beloved seem so far, The while we yearn to feel them near, Albeit with Thee we trust they are." He smiled: "And I am here!"

"Dear Lord, how shall we know that they

Still walk unseen with us and Thee,

Nor sleep, nor wander far away?" He smiled: "Abide in me! -Rossiter W. Raymond, in the Boston Journal. International Sunday-School Lesson for Sept.

14, 1890. PARABLE OF THE POUNDS. (Luke xix, Golden Text.-Unto every one which hath

shall be given. (Luke xix, 26.) HOME READINGS. M.-Parable of the pounds .....Luke xix, 12-27. Th.-Spiritual gifts..... I Cor. xii, 1-11. 

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

The Independent. Men have never ceased supposing that the world is coming to an end at a certain set date, and that the kingdom of God is at hand. In spite of Christ's solemn assertion that no man knoweth the day or the hour, the pious crank continues, from year to year, to calculate his never-failing predictions, and to invite foolish followers to make ready for the last trump. Let the end of the world take care of itself. In spite of all the beautiful allegories of revelation to give a physical basis of our fond imagination, heaven is more of a state than a place. No man can say that heaven is "here" at the exclusion of "there." The modern conception of Christianity is the most spiritual. We believe now that the life of the spirit makes its own heaven, and that the properly educated heart finds its heaven if it so wills. To have a friend we must make one. To have a heaven we must make it. It can be here on earth; it must be here if we expect to have it in and carry it to the hereafter.

The parable of the pounds is so familiar to the Sunday-school scholar and teacher that many may despair of fitting this old garment upon new life. But ability is ever a matter of interest, and its wise direction has always been worthy of occupying the highest intelligence. Every one has the ability to acquire ability; and to stimulate the acquirement of solid virtues will come natural to the Bible student to-day. But most people have not the talents

given them to trade with. "This one thing I do" is practical wisdom. It is better to do the one thing well a person has a natural fitness for than to putter over the things in a half-hearted, mediocre manner. Still character is not single faceted; it is to be polished in more than a dozen different angles. This parable teaches us that there are many graces, each important and each to be acquired. These, when they are added to the person, will fit more for the kingdom of heaven than dresses from Worth or jewels from Tiffany.
It is not always the best endowed man

who makes the greatest success in life. Given a man who is clever enough to make a good doctor, or clergyman, or merchant or burglar, and the chances are that he wil make a failure unless he has the genius of success added or cultivated, namely dogged, persistent work. It is the same in the spiritual field; mere ability is not enough. To be a successful Christian one must persistently put one's good morals out to usury that there may be a steady increment of character and not a deficit at the end of each day.

The world has made the awful mistake, we hope, for the last time in calling God hard and austere. Really, it is scarcely respectful to the Deity to model his character after that of his subjects; anthropomorphism has reached its final grossness when it attributes to God man's worse rather than his better passions. A hard, austere man is not a good man. But God is good. Therefore, logically and simply, enough, he has only the good qualities, and those in a divine fullness. God is not hard. He is all that is joyful and bright, and gentle, and forgiving, and loving, and merciful. God is the light of the world, not the darkness.

Retribution is a thing we know nothing about. We do not know how it works in any one case. No man on earth can say to his neighbor or to a resident of Tartary "You are to be damned, and you saved." But we do know that it is the part of utter folly to neglect atterly one's spiritua opportunities, trusting to come out all right. Does a boat come out all right in gale with no engine, or sail, or rudders Try it an see. We also know that it is the better part of wisdom to improve the world and one's self with every chance, and to see that chances come to hand. God is a reasonable being. Why should he make a good spirit out of a willful one? God cannot condemn a saint. But God is not man. All things are possible with God,

Of General Interest. Miss Cusack, "the nun of Kenmare," it is reported, will probably become a deacon-

The annual meeting of the National Association of Local Preachers of the United States will be held in Taylor University, Fort Wayne, Ind., Oct. 4-7.

ness in the Methodist Church in Chicago or

The next annual convention of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held in Trinity Church, Atlanta, Ga., beginning on Nov. 14. "The enrollment plan" is a movement among the Protestant Episcopalians of this country to raise \$1,000,000 for missions, do-

mestic and foreign, from 200,000 contributors at \$5 each. On Sept. 6 Rev. Dr. George F. Pentecost of Brooklyn, sailed on an evangelistic mission to India. He and a dozen others will

begin work in Calcutta, moving thence from mission station to station. Great preparations are being made for

the Methodist General Conference to be held in Montreal next month. The following are some of the subjects that will be discussed: "College Federation," "General Superintendent-Shall there be One or Two?" "Extension of Ministerial Term from Three to Five Years," "Centenary of Methodism in Canada, 1891," "The Institution of the Order of Deconesses."

There are now over 400,000 children enrolled in the Sunday-schools of Missouri but there ought to be a good many more in view of the fact that there are still 550,000 children of school age in the State who are not receiving such instruction. The Sunday-school is one of society's most effective safeguards, and it should be encouraged and assisted by all good citizens .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Bishop of Ohio (Protestant Episcopal) has formally requested the Rev. Howard MacQueary to renonuce holy orders in the Episcopal Church, and Mr. Mac-Queary has formally refused to do so. It will be remembered that Mr. MacQueary some little time ago wrote a book, entitled "The Evolution of Man and Christianity," which was denounced as heretical by the orthodox Episcopalians. The next step now will be his trial by his occlesiastical superior, the Bishop of Ohio.

The recent missionary conference at Shanghai, China, adopted the following

Whereas, Dr. Martin, in his paper entitled "Ancestral Worship — a Plea for Toleration," has reached the conclusion "that missionaries should refrain from any interference with the native mode of honoring ancestors, and leave the reformation of the system to the influence of divine truth when it gets a firmer hold on the nation's mind." Resolved, That this conference records its dissent from this conclusion, and affirms its belief that idolatry is an essential constituent of ances-

finished its labors for the present. The sessions were occupied with the reading of reports of sub-committees and acting upon the same. The proceedings were secret, and the committee refuses to divulge its action. It is understood, however, that harmony prevailed. It is said other sub committees were appointed to report at a session to be held in Boston, Sept. 23, with a view to final action at the annual board

Thoughts for the Day. Pray to God at the beginning of thy works, that thou mayst bring them to a good conclusion.-Xenophon. He who is not willing to stoop, will never rescue the perishing, and he who refuses to

lose his life, will never find it among God's Longing desire prayeth always, though the tongue be silent. If thou art ever longing, thou art ever praying. When stayeth prayer? When desire groweth cold.—St.

He lives long that lives well, and time misspent is not lived, but lost. Besides, God is better than His promise if He takes from him a long lease and gives him a freehold of a better value.-Fuller.

Who has a greater combat than he that laboreth to overcome himself? This ought to be our endeavor: To conquer ourselves and daily wax stronger and to make a further growth in holiness.—Thomas a'Kempis.

Years Ago. was once young; ah me! ah me! How long ago it used to be! And when its far-off glory seems

So like the heaven of my dreams, And palsied memory in vain Persuades me of my youth again, Time shakes his hour-glass in my face, Whets his old scythe with solemn grace, And whispers me in accents low: "Son, that was years ago," Long years and years ago."

I am neold—and yet, and yet, Would that sometimes one might forget, When life was young how that sweet time Made wrinkies and gray hairs a crime. Now, like a newly-kindled fire, If love leaps up with fresh desire, Time bends him down with rude grimace, Blows the cold ashes in my face And chuckles while the cinders glow, Son, that was years ago, Long years and years ago.'

> -Edwin 8. Hopkins, in Judge. ----HUMOR OF THE DAY. She Painted the Luy. Her cheek was pressed

Against my vest,
'T was white—the latter. She raised her head, The vest was red, Her cheek-no matter! -Smith & Gray's Monthly

Extremely Doubtful, Smith & Gray's Monthly. First Rector-Is your congregation going to raise your salary this coming year. Second Rector-Well, I don't know; they haven't finished raising my last year's salary yet.

In Lieu of Cash.

"Why did your parents call you George Washington Smith?" asked a woman of little ragged urchin. "'Cos they thought a good name was bet ter'n great riches.

A New Excuse.

She-Have you been drinking again? He-No, m' love (hie). She-Well, how do you account for you present condition? He-I fancy I must have been (hic) hyp notized.

Had to Be Healthy.

Texas Siftings.

Horse-dealer-You had better buy the horse, Colonel. You will never find a healthier animal! Colonel Jones-I believe it. If he hadn't been healthy all his life he never could have lived so long. End of the Summer Play.

Frank Leslie's Weekly. He-Shall I see you in the city?

She-Shall you wear your blazer there? He-Why, certainly not. She-Then I shall not be able to recog nize you. I am very near-sighted and the sombre colors of winter do not catch my eye. many of them seem cut into a multitude of At a Richmond Reception. facets like the facets of a diamond. Each

Mrs. Roanoke-My de-e-ar Mrs. Fitzlee

I've been trying to get over to you the whole

evening. What is the matter with the Mrs. Fitzlee—The poor, dear fellow is so-o miserable! He left his plug-tobacco at

home, and our host chews fine-cut. An Average Store. Modish Lady-I wish to look at some-Floor-walker-Yes, madam. Mr. Counter attend to this lady, please.

Bashful Gentleman-Have you men's un dergarments? Floor-walker-Yes, sir. Miss Psyche! this way, please.

Snooper-I'm something of a biliomaniae. Miss Yellow. What is that large book or the table, if I may ask? Miss Yellow-Oh, that is our family Bible It has the record of my birth in it. Snooper (much interested)-Might I look at it? Those very old Bibles are frequently

The Old Man a Match for Him.

Old Scadds (wrathfully)-Why, since you've been to college you've done nothing but distinguish yourself as an all-round Young Scadds-So did the great Alcibi-

Old Scadds-Yes; but Alcibiades knew

Greek, and you don't! O Woman! Woman!

"Why am I afraid of mice?" asked the Vassar girl. "Because they are very dangerous beasts. I know of a mouse that knocked a man down and bit his leg off." "H'm!" said Chappie, desirous of chang-ing the subject. "How do you like Steven-

"Not at all. He's too imaginative. I'm regular Howells realist." Safe to Speak Freely.

De Timide-I had an interview with Col Bluster this morning, and I can tell you spoke to him plainly, and told him just what I think of his conduct. Bronson-I don't know how you vent-ured to do it. Didn't the Colonel try to whip your

De Timide-No. You see, it was over the telephone that I spoke to him. Hide Tommy Sometimes. Jeweler's Circular.

Mr. Dashboard Poore the other evening invited a few friends to dinner. During the repast, Howells, one of the guests, while roaring over one of Poore's bon mots, accidentally knocked one of those fashionable hock-glasses off the table and it smashed upon the floor. No one seemed to take notice of the incident except Tommy, the precocious pride of his mother's heart, who exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, it's one of those glasses we borrowed from Mr. Robinson next door.

Too Much for Faith. New York Weekly.

Mr. Greatfaith-Please, mum, my wife's took sick, and as me and her is very religions, we want ye to come an' pray fer her. We know y'r prayers has cured many a one afore, and we both has an abidin' faith in th' power o' prayer to cure all diseases wich us poor sinful mortals is-Faith Curlst-I will go to her at once. One dollar, please. My terms are strictly cash in advance. Mr. Greatfaith-One dollar? Hang y'

two dollars. A Practical Experiment. Jewelers' Circular.

Fledgely-I have loved you, Alice, these -these two weeks! Do you love me in

Alice—I do not know, Mr. Fledgely, but we will see. In the Princess's new book, "Love, Loving, Loved," is the passage: "When Algernon Dunkar encircled, as an equator, Marigold's dainty finger with the

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Ten ordinary eggs will weigh a pound. An Athens, Ga., man has a Spanish coin that bears date of 1213. The collective length of the London

streets would reach over 32,000 miles. Land is three hundred times as valuable now as it was two hundred years ago. The Japs administer the oath by cutting the witness's finger and taking blood to

The Falls of Niagara carry down 10,000, 000 cubic feet of water per minute, equal to about 2,000,000 horse power. Among the new settlers in Oklahoma are a man and his wife who are, respectively, seven feet seven inches and six feet in

Buffalo has a firm named Irish & English. What is equally curious, Mr. English is an Irishman and Mr. Irish an En-

The largest reservoir or artificial tank in the world is the great tank of Dhetar, be as smart as ours were and trap us twenty miles southeast of Udaipur, in India. It covers an area of twenty-one square miles.

Into a peach tree on his place at Napa, Cal., Rev. Richard Wylie has grafted different varieties of stone fruit until now he gathers from it almonds, plums and three kinds of peaches.

A convent at Rome, wherein malaria long raged, is now completely rid of the disease, and its disappearance is attributed solely to the planting of thousands of eucalyptus

trees about the grounds. Farmer Cross, of Santa Rosa, Cal., turned a valuable mare into a field, last Thursday, in which was pastured a Durham bull. The animals got into a fight, and the mare was killed. She was worth \$500.

The Presbyterians of Spokane recently sold their church to a man who at once started a saloon in the basement, and now there is seen a beer sign on the corner of a tine structure with a tall steeple on it. The income derived by French people

who rear fowls, according to official returns, is 337,100,000 francs, of which 153,-500,000 francs represent the value of the flesh and 183,600,000 francs that of the eggs. An ordinarily hard question for housewives to solve, "How to clean gilt frames?" is answered in this week's Scientific American. The method advised is simple, too, consisting in washing the frames with

Canton, Me., must be a fortunate town. Having no other use for their jail the selectmen have rented it to a man for a shoemaker's shop. The tenant, however, keeps a cell or two in readiness in case somebody should lapse from virtue.

Artesian wells have developed such an abundant supply of water in the desert of Sahara that French engineers are confident of being able to extend their railroad to a distance of a week's journey from Algeria right through the desert.

An interesting fact just ascertained by

government observers is that at the ex-

tremities of Long Island sound the tide begins te flow inward near the bottom one and one-half hour before it begins to flow in the same direction at the surface of the Niles, Mich., has a citizen who has never been outside of the city, never in a rail-road car, never subscribed for a paper, never been to church, never attended a theater,

he doesn't know enough to go in when it is The body of Eddie Fisher lies buried beneath the sands in Torch lake, Michigan. Search for the body proved unsuccessful, for the Calumet & Hecla stamp-mills discharge into the lake in three days enough sand to cover an acre two feet deep, and his

and it is safe to wager a small fortune that

little body is there buried forever. A Flushing, Mich., farmer, one of gubernatorial candidate Partridge's neighbors, put a five-dollar gold piece in the fare-box of one of the Saginaw street cars by mistake. He did not miss the coin until he got home, and then wrote to the company about it. He received a postal note for

"Man wants but little here below" is cer tainly the motto of some natives in India. A man of forty being recently examined before a magistrate at Bangalore, stated that he earned daily a quarter of an anna (about 14d) by bottling ginger beer, and that he was quite satisfied with his wages and po-The eyes of insects are immovable, and

of these facets is supposed to possess the powers of a true eye. Leeuwenhoek counted 3,181 of them in the cornea of a beetle, and over eight thousand in that of a common The Island of Tristan, in the south Atlantic, is inhabited by eighty people, the patriarch of the party-Peter Green, a ver-itable Robinson Cruso-having been there trimming for fall materials.

ter complaining that some of the grown-up children show a desire to leave their lovely island home. People have no idea of the fatal speed of express trains. It is a common thing to see their buffers bespattered with blood after a long and quick run. The noise of their approach disturbs the small birds from the hedgerows, and as they fly across the line the thunderer at a

them to pieces. A curious flower has been discovered on the Isthmus of Tehnantepec. Its chief peculiarity is the habit of changing its colors during the day. In the morning it is white: when the sun is at its zenith it is red, and at night it is blue. The red, white and blue flower grows on a tree about the size of a guava tree, and only at noon does it give .

which they have no conception and dashes

out any perfume. In the province of Perm, in Russia, there has just passed away a remarkable person. Stefan Aberjew by name, in his 110th year. The viliage priest, who has known the old man for the past thirty years, states that he had never seen him sober since his eightieth birthday. Toward the end of his life he drank over a quart of corn brandy

a day. He was never ill in his life. The average life of a rabbitt is put at about nine years. The doe may have young eight times a year, averaging eight each time. The first litter is produced when but four months old. The progressions based on these figures lead to astonishing results. For three years the possible progeny of two rabbits has been calculated at over 13,000, 000, and for seven years at 1,500,000,000. A French scientist, Victor Mennier, has

calculated, after careful inquiries, that American dentists insert about \$450,000 worth of gold annually into the teeth of their customers. The Scientific American says that, making allowances for the increase of population, in less than one hundred years American cemeteries will contain a larger amount of gold than now exists in France.

THE CROWS OF PENN YAN. Landlord Ross Relates Incidents Showing Their Amazing Intelligence. Hammondsport Letter in New York Sun.

"I hate to introduce a subject that may

seem stale and hackneyed," said landlord

Ross at the last meeting of the Fairchild House Circle, "but as farmer Adsit Bailey is here this evening, and knows a whole lot about it, I would like to say a few words on it, and hear something of farmer Bailev's experience on the same. The subject I would like to suggest is the crow." "Old Crow?" inquired honorary member Major John D. Williams, of Elmira. "Incidentally," said landlord Ross. "But principally the common, every-day, great American crow. I have had something on my mind about the crow for a long time. While it hasn't kept me awake as much nights as some members of this circle have. I have yearned for companionship in its pos-

session. Feeling that farmer Bailey may

have a similar burden on his mind, I am

willing to-night to swap mine for his, even

up, if it be the pleasure of the circle." It being the pleasure of the circle, landlord Ross proceeded: "Maybe crows are smarter nowadays than they were when I lived on the farm faith cure! I kin git a reg'lar doctor for | down back of Penn Yan, but if they are it doesn't seem to me that they have the ways showing it they did then. I don't know whether the crow is a friend of the farmer or not, as some folks claim he is, but we found out down back of Penn Yan that the farmer had to be the friend of the crow. We never tried but one season to show the crow that the best thing he could do would be to make himself scarce around our premises.

Moral Differences in Robbery.

Springfield Republican.

The old way was to invade and conquer the newly accessible parts of the habitable globe, and then fight over their distribution. noticed that the crows seemed to

all over the country, from Maine to Texas, and, of course, we thought they would set the the corn-stealers on our farm for once and all. I was a trifle surprised then, to go down to the field next day and see more crows than ever there, and making more noise than a lot of Comanche Indians on a drunk. I hadn't looked long at the surprising sight when I discovered that the scarecrows had been stripped of their clothes, and the clothes had been distributed around among the crows. I couldn't imagine what in Sam Hill the crows were doing with those old rags, until I approached a little closer. What I discovered then was enough to stagger much older and experienced persons than I. The crows had torn the old clothes up and made them into bags, and they were filling the bags with corn and carrying it off by the peck!
"Well, of course, we found that it

wouldn't do to play into the hands of the crcws like that, so we tried another plan to

scare them, one that had been successful

everywhere else since corn was planted.

We hired some boys to go to another lo-

cality where crows didn't seem to

a dozen or two crows. We strung these

dead crows by their heels around our field,

to give our smart crows the impression that

the dead crows had been caught that way

in fooling around our premises, and that they had hetter take warning and keep away. Before noon that day our crows had removed every one of those dead crows from the strings they hung on, and every time they dug up a hill of corn they buried a crow where the corn had been, until they had given decent burial to the whole lot of dead crows we had hung up as a warning. "That was a little disappointing, and we concluded to surrender to the crows, when some one said we could destroy every one of them by scattering poisoned corn thickly over the field. The crows would eat it, and that would settle 'em. We soaked a lot of corn in poison, and scattered it broadcast over the field. The crows came down on it in due time, and I hid behind a fence to see 'em drop over and give their last kick. I had watched 'em a while before I noticed that every crow, after eating a few grains of corn, would reach his head back under his wing and keep it there for a few seconds. They ate, and ate, and ate the poisoned corn, but not a blamed crow tumbled over or made any sign of even feeling bad. I got mad by and by and jumped up and ran into the field. The crows took their time in flying away, but every time one would raise its wings in flight something would drop from them. investigated it, and found that it was sprigs of wild mustard the crows were dropping. I couldn't understand it for a while, but then the whole thing burst on me. The mustard was an antidote to

of crows quite as smart as them crows down back of Penn Yan were.' "It might have been some of them same crows that I had a little experience with once up on my farm," said farmer Bailey. "I had been bothered some for two or three seasons by crows, and scare-crows nor nothin' seemed to do'em any good. The next season I was trying to conjure up something that would kind o' keep crows shy of my place, when a neighbor of mine

the poison, of course, and the crows had

brought it along with them so they

could eat a little of it now and then and get

away with the poisoned corn and show

their smartness. I don't think I ever heard

said to me: "'I'll tell you what to do,' he says, 'There ain't anything mean about crows. All they want is something to eat, an they will go wherever they think you've got the best. Now, all you've got to do is to fence off one corner of your corn-field and plant it pretty thick. The crows will think you've put in something very special and choice in that corner, and they'll put all their time in on that piece, and the rest of your field is yours.'

"That sounded the reasonablest kind, and I fenced off a nice corner in my field, and planted it thick with corn. Sure enough the crows all went to work on that corner, and I was feeling good until I was going by the field one day. I almost fell down, the discovery I made was so amazing. Them cussed crows had moved that corner fence back so that it took in more than four acres of the field I had calculated on as being mine, and had pre-empted the whole business. I wouldn't say positive that them crows were the same lot that was back of Penn Yan, but it looks like it, don't

"So it does," said honorary member Maj. John D. Williams, of Elmira, "And now let's discuss Old Crow.' This the circle promptly proceeded to do.

FASHION'S VAGARIES. There is a rage for the golden tints, both in evening dress and millinery. Many of the imported house toilets for

utumn are ribbon-trimmed, and none of the

ribbons are wide. Rich striped corded ribbons, finished at one edge with small silk tags, is a popular for fifty-two years. He has just sent a let-Navy blue is a very fashionable color.

> ish street and carriage dresses during the Skirts of walking dresses are slightly shorter than they were, sleeves less high and bouffant, bonnets a trifle larger and shoes less pointed.

Although the jetted wrap is less popular

than a season or two ago, yet very many

and it will appear among many of the styl-

handsome garments are garnished with beaded nets and jets. Beautiful Greek tea-gowns are made of cream-white very sheer woolen combined with cream armure silk with polka-dotted stripes in white satin.

Yokes are as much used for wraps as for dress waists, and are often covered with rich devices in passementerie. Others are framed in feather bands. The princesse dress finds increasing favor, but it must be borne in mind that the pol-

onaise does not look so well under an out-

of-door jacket as a skirt which does not open up the front. Most of the demi-season wraps are finished with a Medicis collar of velvet. Ostrich feather trimming also edges a great many of the dressy half-fitting capes which have but lately appeared.

Some new very fine French flannels, both

plain and fancy, are exhibited, designed

for princess wrappers, easy gowns and ten-

nis suits. Some of these show fine arabesques of rich coloring over neutral grounds. Foundation skirts are cut scant and quite plain in front in order that the double one may fit properly. This, as a rule, consists of one or two straight breadths drawn back over the hips or slightly draped by means of a few plaits and falling down in easy

folds at the back.

New French redingotes appear, designed for autumn teas and dinners, which have slightly open-throated corsages, lace fraises, and slight draperies on the hips. There are pointed puffs on the shoulders of the close coat sleeves, folds of silk crossing the waist below the bust, and rich lace ruffles at the wrists. Black gowns are always in good taste provided they are of good material and well fitting. In spite of the taste for bright

colors, which has been very manifest of

late, it is observed at many of the more

fashionable gatherings, races, garden parties, and the like, that a large number of black toilets were present. Embroideries continue to be a mark of exclusive elegance—that is, special embroideries on rich garments. The pointed demi-decolletes bodices of evening dresses are embroidered, sometimes in a single design on the front, repeated on each half of the back; others having a fine Venetian bordering along all the edges, or simply a narrow vine on each side of the eyelet-

holes in the back, for most are laced at the Another fashion is that for odd bits of ewelry. Fancy jewels are worn in profusion, and it is said that the custom of wearing them during the day is spreading in Paris, where hitherto they have been mostly reserved for evening. Their display in the morning has been regarded as the greatest of solecisms in dress. Now, under pretext of fashionable necessity for bonnet-pins, buckles, slides, chatelaines and bangles, gold and gems are freely worn. It is said, however, that "diamonds

are still an exception, and are kept for special wear."

Once was enough for us. After we This was the way in America, and invasion got our corn planted that season we gave to England India. The new way is to that idolatry is an essential constituent of ancestral worship.

The committee of nine chosen to investigate the methods of the executive officers of the American Board of Commissioners in the Congregational House, Boston, has equator, Marigold's dainty higher with the transfer of all the crows seemed to delicate fillet of gold, her heart leaped into the region of the executive officers of the American Board of Commissioners in the Congregational House, Boston, has the congregation of the congregation of the commission of the commissioners in the Congregation of the congregation peacefully divide the new land before in-